Then taking him from thence that is not there,
You breake no priuiledge nor charter there:
Oft haue I heard of ſanctuary men,
But ſanctuary children neuer till now.
Car. My Lo: you ſhall ouerrule my minde for once:
Come on Lo: Haſtings will you go with me?
Haſt. I go my Lord.
Prin. Good Lords make all the ſpeedy haſt you may:
Say Vnckle Gloceſter, if our brother come,
Where ſhall we ſoiourne till our coronation?
Glo. Where it ſeemes beſt vnto your royall ſelfe:
If I may councell you, ſome day or two,
Your highnes ſhall repoſe you at the tower:
Then where you pleaſe, and ſhalbe thought moſt fit
For your beſt health and recreation.
Prin. I doe not like the tower of any place:
Did Iulius Cæſar build that place my Lord?
Buc. He did, my gratious Lo: begin that place,
Which ſince ſucceeding ages haue reedified.
Prin. Is it vpon record, or els reported
Succeſsiuely from age to age he built it?
Buc. Vpon record my gratious Lo:
Pri. But ſay my Lo: it were not regiſtred,
Me thinkes the truth ſhould liue from age to age,
As twere retailde to all poſterity,
Euen to the generall all-ending day.
Glo. So wiſe, ſo young, they ſay doe neuer liue long.
Pri. What ſay you Vnckle?
Glo. I ſay without characters fame liues long:
Thus like the formall vice iniquity,
I morallize two meanings in one word.
Pri. That Iulius Ceſar was a famous man,
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit ſet downe to make his valure liue:
Death makes no conqueſt of this conquerour,
For now he liues in fame though not in life:
Ile tell you what my Coſen Buckingham.
Buc. What my gratious Lord?

Prin. And if I liue vntill I be a man,
Ile winne our auncient right in France againe,
Or die a ſouldier as I liude a King.
Glo. Short ſummers lightly haue a forward ſpring.

Enter young Yorke, Haſtings, Cardinall.

Buc. Now in good time here comes the Duke of Yorke.
Pri. Rich. of Yorke how fares our louing brother?
Yor. Well my dread Lo: ſo muſt I call you now.
Pri. I brother to our griefe as it is yours:
Too late he died that might haue kept that title,
Which by his death hath loſt much maieſty.
Glo. How fares our Coſen noble Lo: of Yorke?
Yor. I thanke you gentle Vnckle. O my Lo:
You ſaid that idle weedes are faſt in growth:
The Prince my brother hath outgrowen me farre.
Glo. He hath my Lo:
Yor. And therfore is he idle?
Glo. Oh my faire Coſen, I muſt not ſay ſo.
Yor. Then he is more beholding to you then I.
Glo. He may command me as my ſoueraigne,
But you haue power in me as in a kinſeman.
Yor. I pray you Vnckle giue me this dagger.
Glo. My dagger little Coſen, withall my heart.
Pri. A begger brother?
Yor. Of my kind Vnckle that I know will giue,
And being but a toy, which is no griefe to giue.
Glo. A greater gift then that, Ile giue my Coſen.
Yor. A greater gift, O thats the ſword to it.
Glo. I gentle Coſen, were it light enough.
Yor. O then I ſee you will part but with light gifts,
In weightier things youle ſay a begger nay.
Glo. It is too heauy for your Grace to weare.
Yor. I weigh it lightly were it heauier.
Glo. What would you haue my weapon little Lord?
Yor. I would, that I might thanke you as you call me.
Glo. How? *Yor.* Little.
Pri. My Lo: of Yorke will ſtill be croſſe in talke:
Vnckle your grace knowes how to beare with him.